

October 1935

The American Magazine of

ART

Including "Creative Art"



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*The American
Magazine of*

ART

*Including
"Creative Art"*

VOLUME XXVIII

OCTOBER 1935

NUMBER 10

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AUTHORS IN THIS ISSUE

DANIEL CATTON RICH has just returned from an exciting summer in Europe, where he has seen all the important exhibitions. In writing for us about the new building of the Boijmans Museum and the art it contains, he has described one of the most important achievements of the year. Mr. Rich has written for us before, one of his articles being "Anthony Angarola" in the November 1932 issue. Mr. Rich is the author of the important "Seurat and the Evolution of La Grande Jatte" published by the Renaissance Society of the University of Chicago which has just appeared. He is associate Curator of Painting and Sculpture of the Art Institute of Chicago.

ALINE KISTLER is the Educational Director of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco. Being in close touch with the important exhibition of American

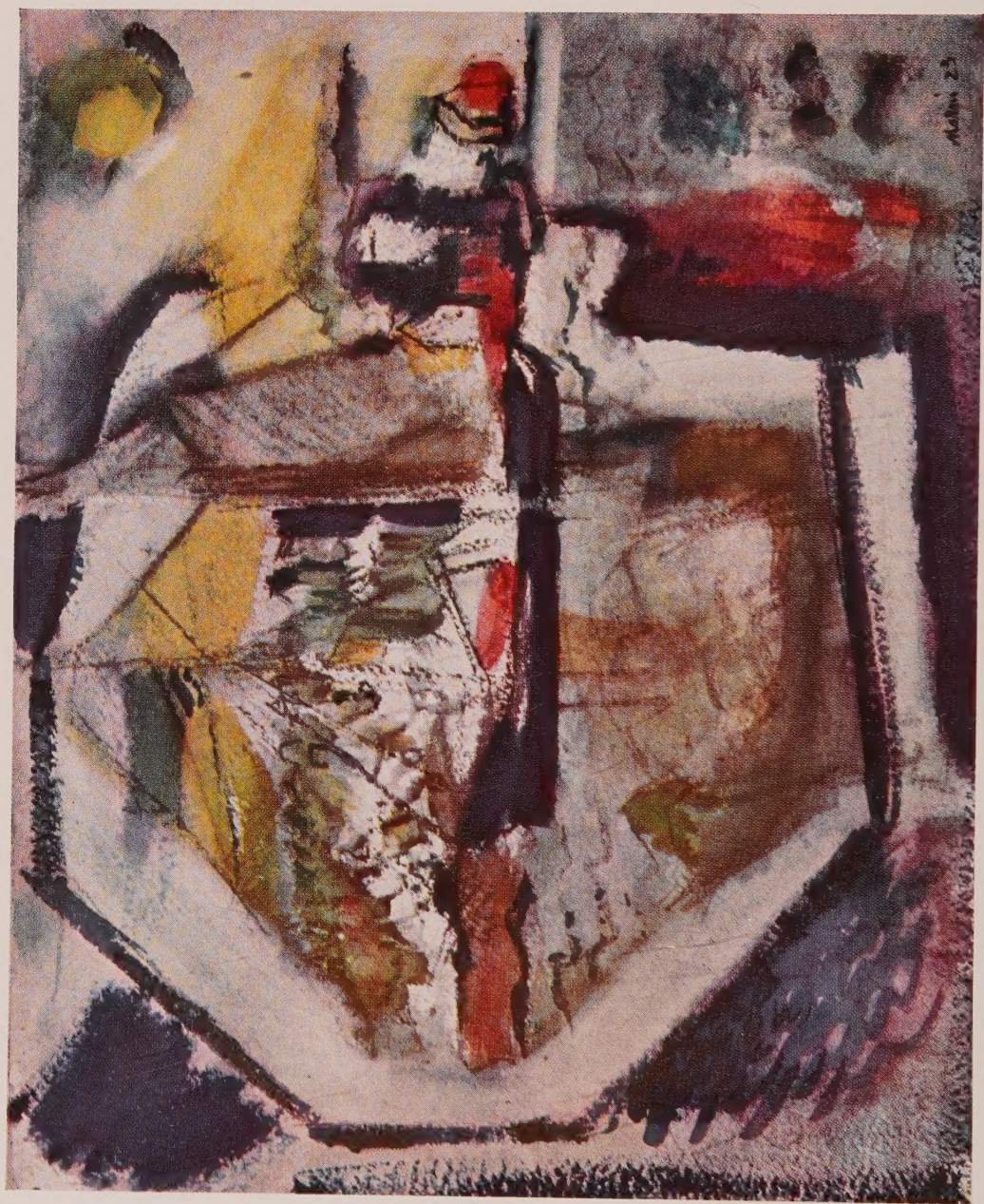
painting held there early this summer, she found a common denominator for American Art. What it is may be seen in her article in this issue. The material here presented was first given as a lecture at the conclusion of the exhibition.

ADELYN D. BRESKIN is Curator of Prints and Drawings at the Baltimore Museum of Art. In writing of the evolution of one of Matisse's etchings, she repudiates some of the unfortunately wide-spread misconceptions of this man's work.

E. M. BENSON's article on Marin in this issue is the first of two; the second will appear next month. In December they will be published in book form, with additional lists and other material, as the first of a series of monographs published by the American Federation of Arts.

JOHN MARIN: SHIP, SEA AND SKY FORMS. 1923.
(WATER COLOR)

Courtesy Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts



October 1935

ONE OF THE BOYS

BECAUSE of the distrustful public attitude toward art and its makers, American artists are often tempted to try to escape the results of this thinly veiled suspicion. In succumbing to the temptation they change themselves in ways which make it hard to function well as artists; they fail to meet certain obligations to themselves. This failure has as its result a like failure in their debt to the society of which they are a part. There are two ways of escaping the onus of public disapproval, both of which entail a maladjustment of the personality which thwarts the man as artist and the artist as man. The original sin lies with the audience at large but the artist in evading it has only served to contribute to it.

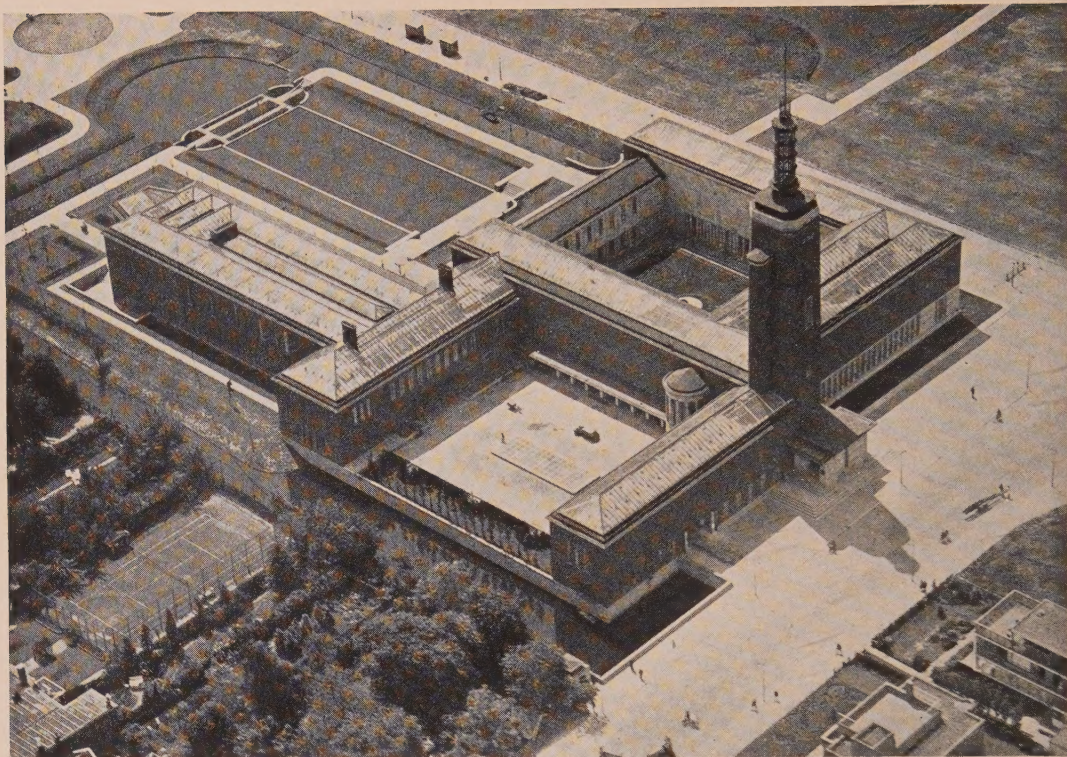
One exit from the doubting audience is a complete rout; the other is a subtler subterfuge by which the actor has one foot on the stage and the other in the front row. The first way leads up the fire escape into vapory ambitions; it holds out promise of high acquaintance, of nodding on equal terms to the great, of exchanging words with the evaporative ghosts of Booth, Homer, Rembrandt, and their peers. Those who climb the spiral stairway of escape fail to see that they become shades among shadows, sharing with the great dead title but not substance. They forget that even the finest ladder to the stars cannot be adequately climbed without rigorous application at every step. Their nostalgia for unknown glory blinds them to the plain but not ignoble truth that when it comes to fire escapes, safety and integrity lie below. There is a yawning gap between the first impelling step and the robust accomplishment of a Rubens. They move in the wrong way to fill that gap.

No more successful are the others, those who choose to mingle imploringly with the crowd. Feeling that their work bears an unwanted stigma they try to justify themselves to the audience by becoming part of it, or like it in some particular. The ordinary man does not want this kind of half-hearted business. It lulls him but leaves him sleepy. The artist who thins his integrity by being one of the boys in the front row center while he pretends to be doing his job fools himself most of all. By desiring duality he achieves it not only as man but as artist.

That is how his energy is dissipated. He has to work harder at justifying a mock image of himself than in going quietly and convincingly about his work. The artist-playboy, the artist-explorer, the artist-reformer, the artist-athlete—all these roguish attempts to be two things at once, in subservience to a false public attitude, becloud the real place of the artist in society. And they do so just as much as the spineless flights-of-fancy of the other run-aways.

As with workers in any other occupation, so it is with artists: it is the quality of the man that counts. Shams, appearances, jugglings and twistings of personality, have no creative or constructive permanence because they have no integrity, no unity. The superior man gives more through even so transient an expression as a newspaper cartoon than his most pretentious inferior gives by means of tons of marble figures. The man and his work cannot be ruthlessly divorced; only when they become one in single-minded and whole-hearted intensity, is the man in the highest sense an artist, and in a good sense one of the boys, because all he is and does points up into the bright spearhead of his art.

F. A. WHITING, JR.



THE NEW BOIJMANS MUSEUM, ROTTERDAM—AIRPLANE VIEW

A. Van der Steur, Architect

PERFECTION IN ROTTERDAM

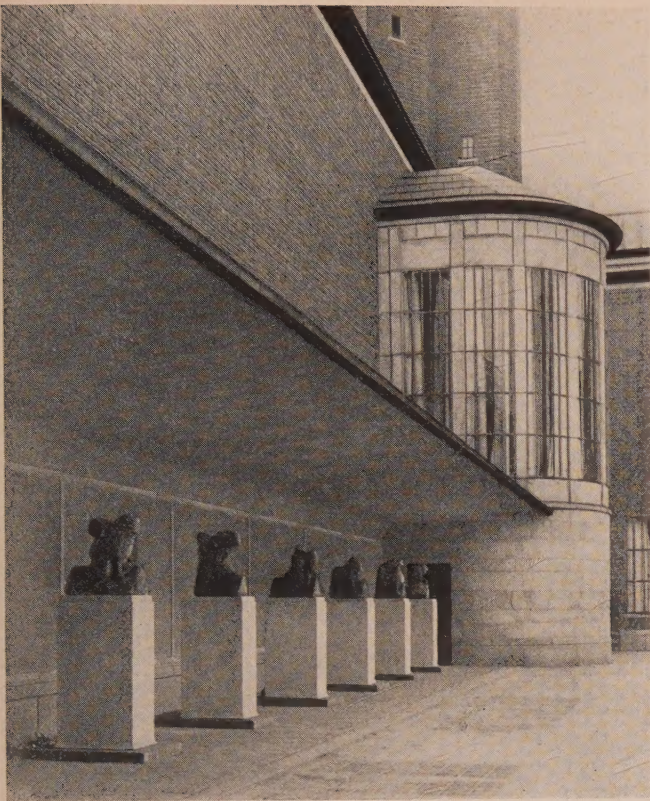
BY DANIEL CATTON RICH

VISITORS to Holland, particularly hot on the trail of the picturesque, often think Rotterdam a disappointment, preferring the eighteenth-century quiet of The Hague or the chiaroscuro of the older parts of Amsterdam. But those who like their traditions in the making are apt to find the city with its miles of splendid housing and drastically contemporary factories, its intense air of industry and achievement, not only stimulating but characteristically Dutch. And now the world has a further reason for visiting Rotterdam, since here, on July sixth, was opened one of the finest of modern museums, where are reinstalled with remarkable acumen and unerring taste the pictures, pottery, and furniture from the old Boijmans.

The museum building is in every way a triumph. Architecturally a synthesis of honest functionalism with native tradition, it nowhere

startles by its modernity or borrows one unnecessary detail from the past. Its form grows out of the logic of its plan: a series of narrow wings joining at right angles round courts large enough to entrap the light. The exterior is widely horizontal in feeling and broken only by a single tower over the entrance, a tower like a lighthouse, topped by a modern Dutch *flèche*. Dull red brick and stone vary the outer walls, the stone base of the first story again emphasizing the horizontal character of the design and harmonizing with flat, terraced pools of water in the extensive gardens which surround the structure. In themselves these gardens help to reinforce the impression of air and space one encounters in the whole conception. Nowhere does the visitor have the common sensation of being caged in a museum.

There are two floors of galleries. The first,



COURTYARD, BOIJMANS
MUSEUM, ROTTERDAM



ENTRANCE HALL,
BOIJMANS MUSEUM,
ROTTERDAM

necessarily side-lighted, contains the collections of beautiful seventeenth-century furniture, the Delft pottery and tiles. Here the architectural background has been sensitively felt. Between severely rectangular rooms will occur a room with a barreled ceiling; in another, rows of long windows make a relieving pattern in the side walls. From the entrance hall, which, after the baronial waste of many nineteenth-century halls, is reassuringly compact, you may turn right into the wing of early pictures or left into the galleries for temporary exhibits, or proceed straight up a few steps into the section of modern art where a single brilliant decoration, well framed by double doorways, invites you.

The second-floor galleries are equipped with both skylights and windows and are admirably suited to the Dutch seventeenth-century school which makes up the bulk of the collection. Paintings of this period present a difficult problem of installation. Small, rich, and dark in tone, they insist upon a maximum of illumination to be seen at all. This demand is met in Rotterdam by a specially constructed ceiling which successfully deflects and directs the light onto the side walls. Only in one way has the desire for light misled the architects: throughout the building white walls have been employed, and though there is justification, both historically and aesthetically, for this background, every visitor with whom I talked felt that the Dutch pictures suffered against it. One museum director pointed out that during the seventeenth century many interiors in Holland were washed a dazzling white, but that the quality of light, as modified by bottle-glass windows and small openings, varied greatly in intensity from museum illumination of today.

Dutch paintings of the seventeenth century present another difficulty by demanding a certain domestication of setting. Made for small intimate rooms, they are never seen to advantage in large, impersonal galleries. To meet this problem a special series of cabinets have been constructed and these supplied with a few decorative notes. Not that the new Boijmans Museum in any way bows to period installation; there is no attempt at antiqued

paneling or seventeenth-century moldings. Round the bottom of the room runs a deep baseboard of light, warm wood, and the narrow window is curtained in a neutral textile and beneath, in the embrasure, is a simple, built-in seat, upholstered in a modern weaving. In this solution of a way in which a gallery can echo the pictures, we have an important step forward in museum technique. In the past many of our rooms have been cheerless hosts to the works exhibited and the suppression of all detail has lent a cold, scientific character to interiors which need to be sympathetic. For a time, with the archaeologists digging away at the problem, it seemed as though the only possible answer was the antique shop, but now, through the study of proper lighting, discreet decoration, and above all, a realization of scale and proportion, we are by way of making up to the orphaned museum object something of what it has lost.

II

The new Boijmans Museum, seven years in planning and construction, is the work of the state architect, A. Van der Steur, and the far-seeing Director, D. Hannema. To consecrate his remarkable building Dr. Hannema has arranged a brilliant exhibit of the Delft School of the seventeenth century, culminating in, but by no means limited to, the work of its greatest artist, Vermeer. In its way the exhibition is as perfect as the galleries which contain it, there being the most extraordinary harmony between the pictures selected and the setting. Part of this is due to Dr. Hannema's clarity of judgment but part of it derives from the identity of spirit in the best painting of the seventeenth century and our own artistic ideals today.

The plan of the exhibit marks another forward step in museum effectiveness. How tempting it would have been to make such a show precious! With Vermeer's reputation for fastidious elegance, a narrower mind would have conceived simply a connoisseur's feast, instead of this sensibly planned survey of painters leading up to and away from the master. I know of no recent exhibit in which this has been done so well, though Dr. Valen-



CAREL FABRITIUS: OLD WOMAN
Collection Dr. C. J. K. van Aalst, Hoevelaken
Exhibited at the Boijmans Museum, Rotterdam



PIETER DE HOOCH: THE MOTHER

Collection C. von Pannwitz, Heemstede
Exhibited at the Boijmans Museum, Rotterdam



GABRIEL METSU: YOUNG WOMAN READING A LETTER

Collection Lady Beit, London

Exhibited at the Boijmans Museum, Rotterdam



PIETER JANSSENS ELINGA: INTERIOR WITH WOMAN READING

Collection Alte Pinakothek, Munich

Exhibited at the Boijmans Museum, Rotterdam



JAN VERMEER: THE LITTLE STREET

Collection Rijks Museum, Amsterdam

Exhibited at the Boijmans Museum, Rotterdam

tinier, in his splendid showing of Hals last winter in Detroit, suggested the same approach through his final gallery given to the followers of Hals. And so, in Rotterdam, instead of the star performance we have the entire cast. We see, as we have never seen before, the tremendous rôle which the Dutch followers of Caravaggio play as Vermeer's ancestors; how van Baburen, Honthorst, and particularly Terbrugghen derive from Rome a new, broad, and generous structure of light and shadow and how they begin to interpret this structure through Northern color and typical Dutch brushwork. We see in a remarkable room given to his work, the significant link between Rembrandt and Vermeer, Carel Fabritius, that still mysterious and still much-discussed artist who was certainly Rembrandt's pupil and probably Vermeer's teacher, and from whom the younger painter undoubtedly got his first impetus towards that compelling analysis of space which lies at the very center of his art. We see Pieter de Hooch, an artist who superficially resembles Vermeer, but who has a different objective:



INTERIOR OF COURT, BOIJMANS MUSEUM, ROTTERDAM



GALLERY INTERIOR, BOIJMANS MUSEUM, ROTTERDAM

to paint effects of light, and who did not hesitate to borrow from his contemporary certain geometric scaffoldings to aid his own luminist experiments. We see the lesser men, the delightful Emmanuel de Witte, who in spite of his fondness for the architecture of old Dutch churches is non-architectonic and who employs Vermeer's gamut of blues and greys and whites to make his own light more delicate and palpitant; the changeable but often excellent Ochtervelt; the rare Pieter Janssens Elinga who in one unusual canvas, "Interior with Reading Woman" (Alte Pinakothek, Munich) almost captures the severe linear arrangement and depth of Vermeer, himself.

Most of these are seen, not in one or two examples but in large groups. There are twenty-five pictures by de Hooch and twenty-six by de Witte; one of the virtues of the exhibit is not only the length of its survey but that it contains, within itself, a series of one-man shows. There are nine works by the seldom recalled Jacob Vrel, who in arrangement of his subtle tone and half-whimsical drawing is one of the discoveries of 1935;



CAREL FABRITIUS: MAN IN ARMOR

Collection Groningen Museum

Exhibited at the Boijmans Museum, Rotterdam

there is Daniel Vosmaer, who we know collaborated with Carel Fabritius on at least one occasion and is represented by several canvases of which the most notable is a "View of Delft" (Collection of J. Goudstikker, Amsterdam), a work showing how expressive the seventeenth-century search for perspective occasionally becomes. There are those whom Vermeer charmed by his color and its broken handling and who, momentarily at least, subdue themselves to the difficult principles of

of Lady Beit, London), comes as close as any painter of elegance can, to the *décor* and outer spirit of the Delft master.

III

The inner spirit of Vermeer is one of the revelations of the exhibit. To the nineteenth century he was primarily a technician. After discovering him they made a fetish out of his way of putting on paint. So rare (and expensive) became his works that each was worshipped as a miracle. He was "Vermeer the magical" and existed chiefly in an atmosphere of students who trained powerful glasses on his passages of pigment, trying to surprise its secrets (as if anyone finding the philosopher's stone of his oil medium could immediately produce works like "The Milk Maid" or the "Young Lady Reading a Letter!") and fussy Boston painters who thought they understood him through posing girls embroidering in light which poured from a window on the left.

Today, however, we are beginning to see Vermeer in truer proportion. I think it was Wilenski who first pointed out, at least popularly, that "Vermeer's pictures are as perfect as the Parthenon, and they are art of exactly the same kind." Where he stands forth from the rest of his fellows is exactly in his undeviating application to the art of the picture. The fact that he happened to paint chiefly women in interiors has nothing to do with the way he saw and composed them. In spite of their genre character these are the least genre-like paintings in the world. Rather in their use of ordered recession, in their exact harmony of tonal accent and color, in the whole calculated perfection of their design, they express an abstract basis which has always been the foundation of every important art and is particularly a conscious aspiration today.



AUGUSTE RODIN: EVE

Installed in the Boijmans Museum, Rotterdam

his taste; Willem Kalff, at his best a Dutch Chardin, and Jan Steen whose palette grows clearer and whose forms grow sharper without a loss of liveliness, and Metsu who, in the "Young Lady Reading a Letter" (Collection



THE MASTER OF FRANKFORT: THE MYSTIC MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE

Gift of Mrs. Cora Timken Burnett to the Fine Arts Society of San Diego. On exhibition at the exposition as part of the permanent collection. All illustrations on this and the following pages are by courtesy of the Fine Arts Society of San Diego

ART AT THE SAN DIEGO EXPOSITION

NOR only when Americans go trooping to other continents do they expect to enjoy their romantic reactions to the life of differing peoples; to a minor but still appreciable extent Easterners going out West expect to find there other rhythms and colors of life. In visiting the San Diego exposition their desire for variety and change will be satisfied and they will come away enriched by associations belonging to the Southwest. In recognition of this natural urge the art exhibition at the fair features the art of the Southwest region. An eighty-five-year résumé, with particular emphasis on California, reveals the abundant flowering which has taken place in that part of the country even in so short a time.

San Diego's art show is no mere gallery or two of canvases, but eight ample rooms of paintings, decorative art, and sculpture. Nor is the exhibition confined to works of regional

interest; it contains, as a foil, collections of old masters from seven countries; contemporaries from France, Spain, Jugo-Slavia, and the United States; old Spanish decorative arts; and a restricted but choice representation of the best which the Orient has given us. These objects selected from the cream of San Diego's permanent collections are fortified by a limited number of loans from important public and private collections.

On the following pages are reproduced a few of the works included in the show. Detailed criticism and discussion is not necessary here; the pictures speak adequately for themselves. Yet any exhibition of this kind presents an opportunity to draw certain conclusions. Mr. Reginald Poland, Chairman of the Executive Committee in charge of the exhibition and Director of the Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego, where it is on view, has written us:



VELASQUEZ:
PEASANTS IN THE
MARKET PLACE

Lent by Willitts J.
Hole to the Expositi-
tion Show



EUGENIE SHONNARD:
PUEBLO INDIAN
WOMAN
(TERRA COTTA)

In the section of the
exhibition devoted to
art of the Southwest



PETER PAUL RUBENS: HOLY FAMILY

Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Timken to the Fine Arts Society of San Diego. Exhibited as part of the permanent collection

HENRIETTA M. SHORE: THE BULLFIGHT

Lent by Mrs. Henry A. Everett to the Exposition Show





(Left)

S. MacDONALD
WRIGHT: YIN

In the section of
the exhibition de-
voted to art of
the Southwest

(Below)

FOSTER
JEWELL:
SAHUARO
(OIL)

In the San Diego
Room at the ex-
hibition

"We have discovered from numerous direct quotations that the art in our Palace of Fine Arts and elsewhere in the West has been a pleasant revelation to out-of-state visitors. In the days of the Forty-niners, the state of art in the Southwest was one of eclecticism and documentary representation, with merely sporadic subjective and aesthetic creations. Sculptures have now become more effective as such—as well as plastic visualizations of our striking environment and life. Oils have similarly progressed, assimilating our human, yet individual, character without becoming lost in pure aesthetics. Here the East and West are not only meeting, but becoming acquainted through characteristics common to both, though revealed in differing languages. . . .

"Water colors and prints seem to be developing into fortunate media for our artists; they are in harmony with our terrain which is so important to the life of the real Westerner. Here, where nature, and life in close contact with it, are cherished with such zest and with no desire for an artificial 'paradise' on earth, Southwesterners are increasingly making useful objects beautiful. . . . Our

people love this country and its wholesome life; the artists enjoy it not only for itself but as the basis for recreating their own reactions to it in the form of beautiful works of art."





MILLARD SHEETS: BY THE OLD BRICK YARD (WATER COLOR)
 In the section of the exhibition devoted to art of the Southwest



THOMAS MORAN: MT. MORAN
 Lent by Willitts J. Hole
 to the Exposition Show



ALFRED STIEGLITZ: PORTRAIT OF JOHN MARIN, 1920
Courtesy An American Place

JOHN MARIN: THE MAN AND HIS WORK

PART I: MARIN, THE MAN

By E. M. BENSON

. . . as much of him as it is possible to separate from his work . . .

TO THE world at large there is nothing especially astonishing in the fact that John Marin is about to round out his sixty-fifth year. To those who know this fellow with hair cropped low over a broad forehead and a face as full of wrinkles as a winter apple—this stubborn, arithmetical fact seems hardly credible. For in neither the man nor his work is one ever aware of the clicking heels of time but rather of something as ageless and as mobile as the sea or the sky. The comparison is not an arbitrary one. Marin is what Marin does. A painter of sky, sea, and mountain forms, and all things “pertaining thereto,” something of their combined essence has clung to him, as moss to stone, as the smell of fish to a fisherman, of wood-shavings to a carpenter, or graft to a politician.

The man Marin is all those things with which the artist Marin has identified himself, which some forty years of intensive seeing and doing in and with the physical world have made him: the swift movement of tides cutting channel patterns in the sea; islands at sunset locked in velvet shadows; sailing ships braced against a smacking wind or idling in calm waters; scrub pines clustered against the breast of mountains; trees on mountain tops, shaggy as the wool of goats, piercing dry air with porcupine branches; roads that bend and wind as gracefully as dancers, as perilously as acrobats; buildings of stone and steel crouching together like sheep in a storm, or pyramided, painting the sky with shafts of silver; people in city streets churned between canyons of light and shadow. Marin is all these things and many more. And he is neither older nor younger than the formal equivalents into which his art has resolved them. One must be young to bear such visions, to suckle them in darkness and light, in and out of season; strong, full-throated visions which, like their maker, remain eternally young.

Not all visions remain young. Many die in childbirth. Thousands are dead but do not know it. They are pictorial incubi spawned in the bed of undesire; scrawny, rachitic, counterfeit visions; pieces of nature which nature, if it could voice its protest, would repudiate. “You there, hanging on the wall,” nature would say, “you have purloined my green grass, my seas, and my mountains. But even a blind man can see that you have taken my body and left my spirit behind.”¹ Nature would have other things to say about Marin because Marin has other things to say about nature.

Who is this fellow Marin, anyway? He belongs to that breed of men who wear their wisdom lightly; who haven’t a pennyweight of sophistication in their make-up; who get to the root of things, not by rifling the culture-vaults of the past, but by doing their own spadework, developing their own self-discovered claims. It is not to the work of others that Marin turns for nourishment, but to the fathomless reservoir within himself which, in turn, is being constantly fed by the nature-sources of his own vision. The road he travels bears none but his own footprints. Unsteady or faltering as they may be at times, they are always recognizably Marin’s own and no one else’s.

As in most pioneers, there is something pugnaciously dogmatic in Marin’s make-up. A kind of blind, instinctive determinism which, curiously enough, carries him unerringly to his port of call. He is driven forward by the fuel of strong convictions based exclusively on the visual world as he sees and knows it. As long as he stays within the borders of his own rich experience, the rightness of his values remains irrefutable. The moment, however, that he ventures outside this familiar, self-explored territory, into

¹ Artists with troubled consciences please take note.

the trackless (for him) terrain of political economy, or into assessments of the work of his contemporaries, his doggedness seems provincial, or just irrational. But unlike most pioneers, Marin is aware of his own pendulous inconsistencies of feeling and is capable of examining himself in the mirror of self-criticism with unflinching honesty. He has said of himself:

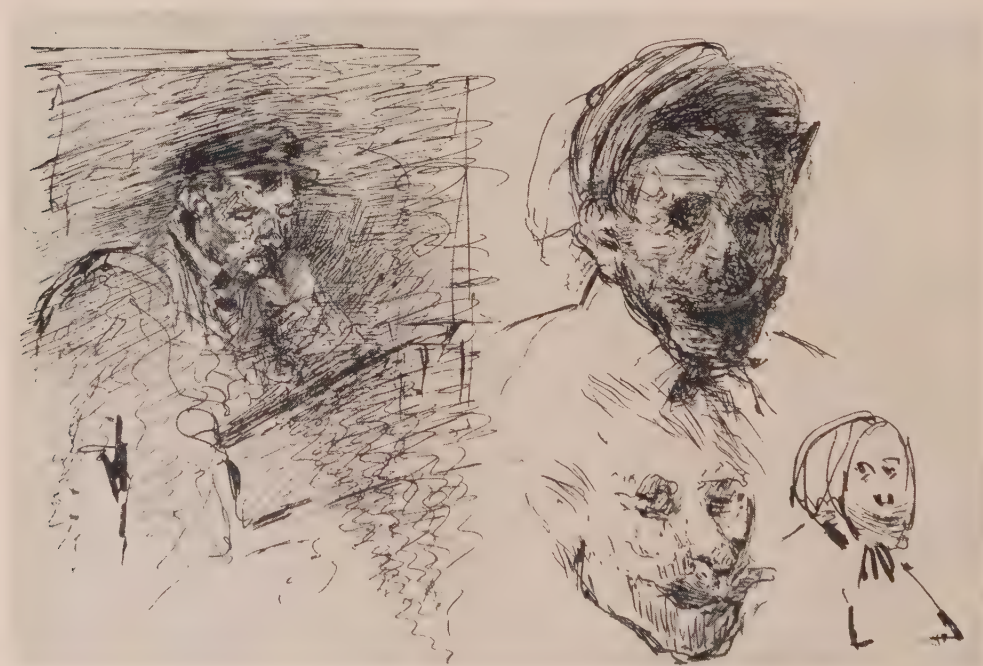
"Curiously twisted creature.
 Prejudiced as Hell.
 Unprejudiced as Hell.
 Narrow—as they make 'em.
 Broad-minded next minute.
 Hating everything foreign, to a degree,
 with the opposite coming in time and
 again.
 A shouting spread-eagled American.
 A drooping wet winged sort of nameless
 fowl the next."²

Marin obviously has no wish to deceive himself or others. None the less he would rather be "wrong" than untrue to his own

deepest feelings, even at the cost of seeming "irrational." Paradoxically, it is this same doggedness, this insistence on checking all incoming ideas against the ledger of his own creative life, that has kept him from being bullied into accepting opinions, social or aesthetic, which strike him as being faddist. An example of this is his steadfast refusal to be swept off his feet by Cubist and Post-Cubist art. Nor has he been willing to swell the throng of Cézanne's numerous enthusiasts. "As for Cézanne," Marin recently confided to me,³ "when in this country I saw Cézannes I said to myself there's a painter, not much else. But there are other painters. I am afraid my dear fellow that now—from my point of view—that you and others have given Cézanne too much space helped on by *those Frenchmen*."⁴

³ In a letter to the author dated August 17, 1935, from Cape Split, Maine.

⁴ Marin's introduction to Cézanne took place in the spring of 1911 at Alfred Stieglitz's Photo-Secession Gallery where a selection of Cézanne's water colors were being exhibited for the first time in America. Marin again saw Cézanne's paintings this time, in 1913 at the international Armory Show, and *not*, as one might imagine,



JOHN MARIN: DRAWING IN INK, 1905

From the "Atlantic Series."

Courtesy An American Place



JOHN MARIN: BRIDGE CANAL, AMSTERDAM (ETCHING WITH TONE), 1906

Collection of the Artist. Courtesy An American Place

There is an overtone of resentment in Marin's remark; the justified resentment of a first-rate American artist who for many years was obliged to stand on the sidelines while a troupe of cleverly press-agented Frenchmen, most of them creatively inferior to Marin, carried off the day. His feeling about Cézanne, however, goes deeper than a mere personal grudge against the thing that dealers and other professional evangelists have made of him and his progeny. Its origin springs rather from the fact that Marin's approach to nature (I am using the term generically to include all visual phenomena) and to picture-making is in many ways opposed to Cézanne's; and that consequently, although Marin might respect Cézanne's achievements, it would be the respect that one skilled workman feels for another whose creative temperament is so

essentially different from his own that only polite words can pass between them.

The exact nature of this difference, as well as the source of its origin in the men and their work, requires a more searching analysis than is feasible at this stage of our inquiry. I shall reserve that for another section of this study. Nevertheless, it is relevant to point out at this juncture that the two artists are as different as a poet and a scientist can be, without losing sight of the fact that the poet is striving after truths that approximate those of the scientist. These truths may, and in Marin's case do, result from the same basic understanding of and control over the organic laws of nature and of art, but in arriving at them Marin seldom loses touch with the intensity and specific quality of his original creative experience. In other words, for Marin a mountain is not only a stereometric symbol for mountain, but also a specific mountain, that does specific things, is seen at a specific time of day, and is covered with specific trees, rocks, shrubbery, and flowers. So

in and about Paris where Marin lived and worked off and on from 1905 to 1910. It is difficult to believe that Marin was unaware of Cézanne's existence until five years after his death. But if one knows Marin and his self-sufficient preoccupation with his own "seeing" this seems less incredible.



JOHN MARIN: STREET OF
THE CATHEDRAL (OIL), 1908

Courtesy An American Place

(Below)

JOHN MARIN: LONDON OMNI-
BUS (WATER COLOR), 1908

Collection Alfred Stieglitz



that while Marin is concerned with the universal aspect of mountain, he is equally concerned with “the relatively little things that grow on the mountain’s back. Which,” he insists, “if you don’t recognize, you don’t recognize the mountain.”⁵ It is this inclusiveness of observation (about which we will have more to say at another time) combined with the ability to sustain the intensity and flavor of his original creative feelings which Marin usually succeeds in bringing to his work.

The reason for this, it seems to me, is that Marin’s plastic solutions are generally the result of being catapulted into them by the sharp impact of an experience with nature. Cézanne’s solutions, on the other hand, come from a more studied, perhaps more subtle, adjustment to purely formal considerations.

⁵ From “John Marin by Himself.” *Creative Art*, October, 1928.

This is not intended to mean that for Cézanne nature was less a creative point of departure than for Marin, but rather that while Cézanne converted his nature-experience almost directly into formal values, Marin receives both as a joint sensation and manages to retain them undetached throughout the whole creative act. In Marin the instinctivist and the structuralist join hands. It is never a question of whether the procedure of the one is superior to the procedure of the other, but only that both exist and it is well to recognize them for what they are. Who is to say whether the spirit of Keats is more to be prized than the spirit of Milton?

For Marin painting is and has always been an end product, the consummation of living with the physical world in closest intimacy; not the passive intimacy of an aroused and sensitive spectator but the active intimacy of an aroused and sensitive participant. What-

JOHN MARIN: THE SEINE, PARIS (WATER COLOR), 1909

Courtesy An American Place



ever wisdom he has, he has drawn directly from the non-theoretical anatomy of nature, from stones and trees, ships, skies, islands, and seas. Naturally it is not of his art that he boasts—though he has good reason to—but of his ability to sail a boat, to catch a tortog with rod and reel, to skin a flounder, to beat a trail up a mountainside. These for him are the prelude to art, and, as we shall see, the only real tutelage he has ever had.

In all probability Marin would never have set foot in an art school if his family hadn't demanded some seemingly concrete return for their hard-earned dollars. They looked upon young Marin's talent with the usual middle-class trepidation. Had Marin declared his intention of becoming a race-track tout or a bartender, he couldn't have stirred up a more vicious hornet's nest of mingled antagonism and terror in this Yankee⁶ household. They

⁶ This "Yankee" cocktail consisted of the usual American ingredients. "My ancestors," Marin once wrote a magazine editor, "were of the best English Ale, Dutch Bitters, Irish Gin, French Vermouth and plain Scotch."

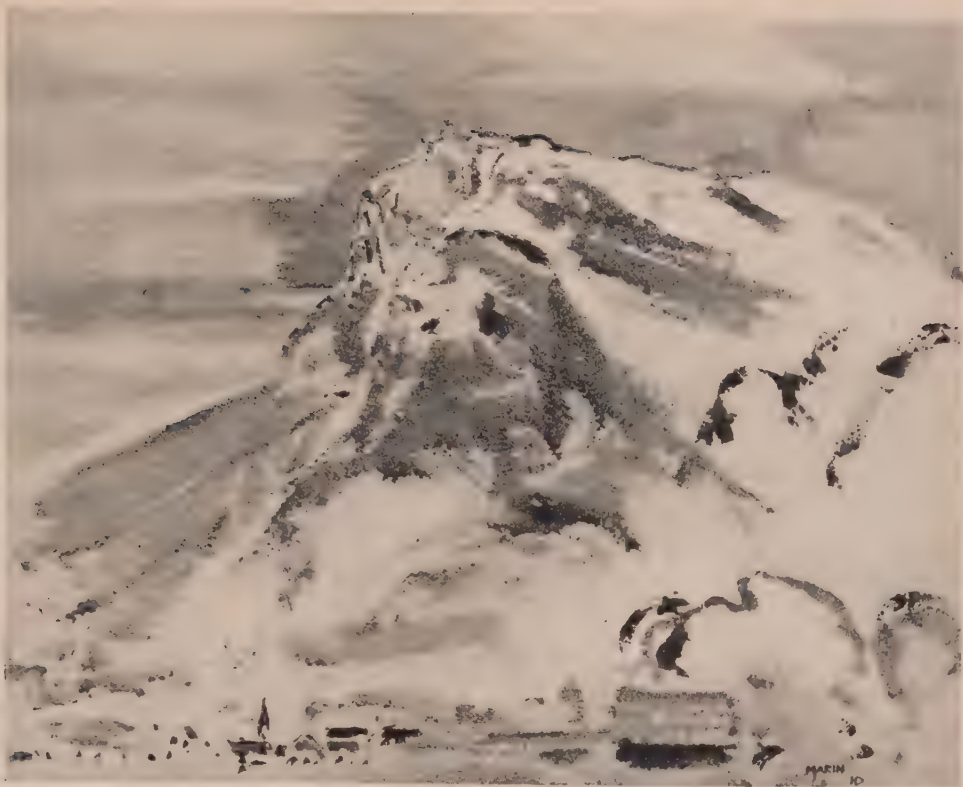
were dismally aware, however, that Marin didn't have the makings of a great Robber Baron like Vanderbilt, Harriman, or Gould, or even a small-town insurance solicitor. He had had his innings in business—among other things four years in architects' offices where he showed a greater aptitude for drawing "bunnies" than blueprints. It was decided in solemn family conclave that there was nothing to be done about this "natural" but bundle him off to some respectable art school where he could learn how to paint, they secretly hoped, salable pictures. The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts was the chosen asylum.

Marin's two years at the Academy (1898-1900) didn't affect him either for good or evil. He worked more or less unhindered, sketching out of doors when he had the urge—which he preferred to the prescribed indoor finger exercises—playing billards, or drinking beer with "the boys." Joseph Hergesheimer, the once talented novelist who has



JOHN MARIN: GIRL SEWING, PARIS (WATER COLOR), 1910

Collection Alfred Stieglitz



JOHN MARIN: THE TYROL AT
KUFSTEIN (WATER COLOR), 1910

Courtesy An American Place



JOHN MARIN: MOVEMENT, FIFTH
AVENUE (WATER COLOR), 1912

Collection Alfred Stieglitz



JOHN MARIN: WOOLWORTH
(ETCHING), 1913

Collection Metropolitan Museum of Art

JOHN MARIN: LOOKING OUT ON
CASCO BAY (WATER COLOR), 1914

Collection Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts





JOHN MARIN: MARIN ISLAND, SMALL
POINT, MAINE (WATER COLOR), 1915

Collection Albert Gallatin, Gallery of Living Art

long since turned into a *Saturday Evening Post* writer, was one of them (it was then fashionable for the pampered scions of wealthy middle-class families to get a taste of Bohemia at a local art school). Arthur B. Carles, who in Paris several years later proved his friendship for Marin by calling Steichen's attention to his work, was also one of "the boys."

For Marin the Academy was little more than a post to hitch his horse to, a stopping-over-place on a long journey. The beds were hard and the food poor but the company was good. At least it seemed so to Marin who at the time was more in need of good company than good art instruction. Of the latter the Academy had precious little to offer. From Thomas B. Anschutz, an instructor, Marin received his first morsel of helpful advice and encouragement. In his outdoor sketches, for which he won a prize in the spring of 1900, Anschutz recognized the embryo of a unique

talent and urged Marin to gird his loins for the big day. This seed of encouragement, small as it was, sent down deep roots of strengthening self-assurance.

It was not a mere accident that from the very beginning Marin found the raw material for his art in the out-of-doors and not in Chase's "pink antique" nude class, or in goosestepping it along with most of the other students. Perhaps Marin couldn't have said in so many words why a ferry crossing the Delaware or a woman sitting on a park bench interested him more than a plaster cast of the Discobolus. He only knew that he was doing what gave him the greatest pleasure. It is this thing in Marin—call it what you will—this inherent ability to steer his course by the compass of his best instincts that has kept him from running aground in the deceptive harbors of academicism. He seemed immune to the thousand and one virulent diseases of artistic derivation that attack the average art



JOHN MARIN: SUNSET, MAINE
COAST (WATER COLOR), 1919
Collection Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts

student before he has strength enough to guard against them and from which few recover. To the commanding voice of tradition, relayed to Marin through the instructors at the Academy, he turned a deaf ear. His own cup of inspiration might not as yet be brimming over, but it was the only one from which he was willing to drink.

If, therefore, it is impossible to find among his works, either early or late, a single still-life painted according to Chardinesque precepts, a single Franz Hals-Lenbach-Düsseldorf-School portrait (the popular Philadelphia recipe of the 1890's), or a nude à la Giorgione, Manet, or anyone else, it is because Marin simply hadn't it in him to walk over tombstones to find himself, no matter how alluring this passage might be. Undoubtedly he could and did learn something from the past masters of his craft. But it was never a mannerism that he borrowed so

much as a tacit confirmation of his own point of view. It was a handclasp, not a holdup. To paint a picture as Tintoretto or Whistler might have painted it was as repugnant to Marin as writing a love letter as Casanova or Dean Swift might have written it.

The next five years (1900-1905) passed through Marin's hands as sand through an hourglass. He was still marking time, testing his wings. That these years were far from productive is apparent from his own condensed report drawn up many years later:

"1 year blank.
1 year Art Students' League, N. Y.
Saw KENYON COX.
2 years blank."

In playful seriousness Marin continues this chronological report through the succeeding years: "4 years abroad [1905 to 1908 and 1909 to 1910]. Played some billiards, in-

JOHN MARIN: SEA, TREE,
AND BOAT, SMALL POINT,
MAINE (OIL), 1921

Courtesy An American Place



JOHN MARIN: LOWER MAN-
HATTAN FROM THE RIVER
(WATER COLOR), 1921

Courtesy An American Place

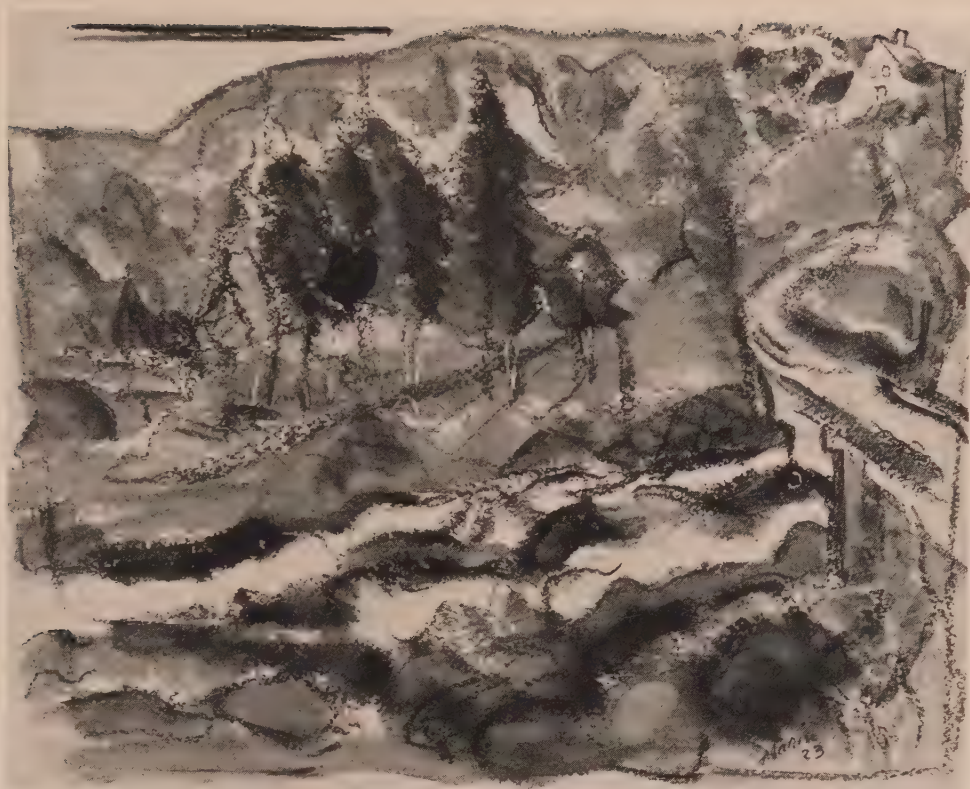




JOHN MARIN: MAINE ISLANDS (WATER COLOR), 1922
Collection Phillips Memorial Gallery

JOHN MARIN: MAINE TOWN (WATER COLOR), 1923
Courtesy An American Place





JOHN MARIN: TIDAL FALLS, DEER ISLE, MAINE (WATER COLOR), 1923

Courtesy An American Place

cidentally knocked out some batches of etchings which people rave about everywhere. At this period the French Government was going to give me the Legion d'Honor. I refused. They then insisted on buying one of my oils [namely 'The Mills at Meaux,' painted in 1905 and acquired for the Luxembourg in 1907]. I ran away to Venice. They set up such a howl there was no escaping. I let them have it. Since then I have taken up Fishing and Hunting and in some spare time knocked out a few water colors for which in former years I had a leaning."⁷

This brief, waggish recapitulation, while it gives us something of the flavor of the man, fails to record one of the most important events of his career, his meeting with that genius of the camera, Alfred Stieglitz, who became Marin's life-long friend and a champion of his art. As early as 1909, Stieglitz,

on Steichen's recommendation, had exhibited a group of Marin's water colors in a joint show with Alfred Maurer. In the summer of this same year Stieglitz came over to Paris on a visit and paid his respects to the artist whose work he had exhibited and admired. The friendship which this meeting cemented was a decisive turning point in Marin's career. He became not just another young artist with a slight reputation as an etcher who was free-lancing it in the Babylon of Paris, but John Marin, a life member of Stieglitz's Photo-Secession Gallery. He now had a sheet anchorage in the troubled waters of the future, a permanent mailing address, and a staunch defender who would fight for him and his art in fair weather and foul, which Stieglitz has done uninterruptedly from that day to this.

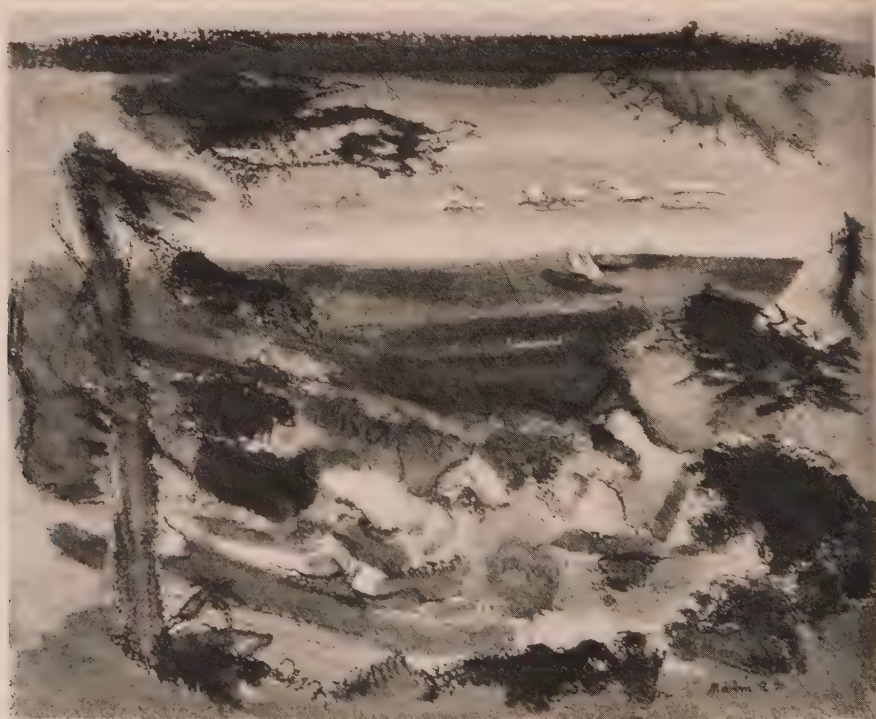
This support had exactly the effect on Marin's development as an artist that one might expect. Previously he had to limit his

⁷ From *Notes Autobiographical*, published March, 1922. The insertions set off in brackets are the author's.



JOHN MARIN: BECALMED (WATER COLOR), 1923
Collection Alfred Stieglitz

JOHN MARIN: WIND ON LAND AND SEA (WATER COLOR), 1923
Courtesy An American Place





JOHN MARIN: SCHOONERS, MAINE (WATER COLOR), 1928

Courtesy An American Place

work almost exclusively to etching in order to make a living. (At several dollars a print, which is what the dealers Roullier of Chicago and Katz of New York paid him, you can figure out for yourself how many plates would have to be etched to keep the wolf from the door.) Fortunately the quality of Marin's etchings did not suffer because of the speed at which he was driven. He now devoted more time to working in water color and oil. What is still more significant he no longer had the feeling that he was working for himself but for an audience and above all for one understanding individual who had faith in his ability to deliver the goods.

To Marin this didn't mean that he could now rest on his laurels. He was aware that artistically speaking he had only begun to cut his molars, that he had a long road ahead of him. He wasn't suffering from the Bohemian illusion that Paris ought to declare a public holiday every time he painted a picture. Being human, he naturally hoped for recognition but he never went out of his way to court it.

He lived in comparative isolation, apart from cliques and especially from artists. In Paris he lived exactly as he would have lived at home, doing the normal things that men do, trying to be part of the place, as inconspicuously and unostentatiously as possible. The museums and picture galleries saw little of him. His days were spent roaming the countryside or the city streets, sketching and painting out of doors if he had the desire, or back in his room over his etching press.

What he caught of Paris in the net of his art in those days didn't come to him second-hand through the works of others. It came directly from the same milieu which enveloped Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec, Monet and Renoir. In Venice, in Amsterdam, in London, in Nuremberg, in the Swiss Alps, in the villages and towns adjacent to Paris—wherever he happened to go—Marin took with him a pair of eyes that could see freshly and a hand that could record what he saw and felt in a distinctly original and personal way. That is

(Continued on page 632)



UNKNOWN AMERICAN PROVINCIAL PAINTER: THE BROWN FAMILY

Lent by the Whitney Museum of American Art to the Recent Exhibition of American Painting at the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum and the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco

"WE ARE WHAT WE ARE—"

By ALINE KISTLER

IN THE foreword to the catalogue of the Exhibition of American Painting, held this summer in the two San Francisco municipal museums, Dr. Walter Heil wrote: "To answer the question of whether there is truly American painting or whether we have only paintings, good and bad, done by Americans in America, I should say: Yes! There is American painting! In spite of all the circumstances which hampered the development of a national art, this country has produced painting that is genuinely American. A type of painting different from anything created elsewhere and a true expression of the land, its soil and air, its people and their lives, because it drew character and strength from the same mysterious forces that, in an astonishingly brief time, have formed a nation out of multiple elements."

During six weeks of daily association with this comprehensive aggregation of American art, assembled from museums and collections throughout the country, I found myself continually searching for a common denominator other than that of accidental birth or environment which would justify our belief in an American art. It is easy to accept John Dewey's statement that "an environment that is changed physically and spiritually demands new forms of expression" and to believe that our artists must have created forms derived from our environment, but it is not easy to discern the essential quality of such forms.

I see in individual artists characteristics that I recognize as American. I find in this cross-section of painting from Colonial times to today a surface reflection of the heterogeneity of America. Superficially the exhibition gives



JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY: PORTRAIT OF MRS. NATHANIEL APPLETON

Lent by the Fogg Art Museum to the San Francisco Exhibition

the same impression of hodge-podge amalgamation of infused elements that we acknowledge as characteristic of our nation as a whole. However, I am not content to consider American art as merely an assemblage of varied expressions. We should be able to find in our art a basic common denominator that will give us a key to the sense of national unity we have.

In the San Francisco survey of painting from 1700 to 1935, we see the work of a procession of artists who appear superficially to have little in common except the label "American." We have the product of painters who came from Europe to work in the New World; men born in the Colonies who returned to England for study and work; self-taught Americans who developed a certain dogged competence; and then succeeding groups of those who turned either to the na-

tive scene or to a foreign tradition for inspiration.

As a nation we have shown the characteristics of a youngest child who alternately mimics his elders and tries to impress people with what he can do by himself. We have as our heritage the inferiority complex of a baby-of-the-family who, though pampered and petted by the older brothers and sisters, feels keenly the superiority and advantages of age and longer experience and suspects a slight note of patronage in all praise—one who is more insistent in his claims than he would be were he sure of himself.

This heritage has fostered two warring ambitions. On one side, the desire to do what someone else has done and to do it as well and, on the other, the determination to do what no one else has done. Both ambitions have produced a spit-on-the-hand variety of



SAMUEL SEYMOUR (?): INDIANS, SALMON FALLS, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Lent by the Whitney Museum of American Art to the San Francisco Exhibition



EASTMAN JOHNSON: THE NEW BONNET

Lent by the Metropolitan Museum of Art to the San Francisco Exhibition

artists—men determined to show the world what an American can do—or die in the attempt. Almost every generation has had those who tried to compete with painters in other countries through the use of foreign idiom and those who consciously sought to establish an American identity by avoidance of foreign styles.

We have had few painters who did not share this national inferiority complex. Few who did not try self-consciously either to imitate or avoid foreign means of expression. And, because we, as a public, have the same complex, we have honored in turn those with the facile brush who have been able to do as did the English, the Dusseldorf, the Munich, or the French painters. We have been proud of our Stuart who rivaled Raeburn and Romney. We have cherished Duveneck because he was almost more Munich than American. We have lifted Sargent to our shoulders be-

cause he rivalled both the French and English portraitists of his time. Similarly, but from the opposite motive, we have lauded those men who made a virtue of their avoidance of outside influence. We have made a hero of Homer, a genius of Bellows, and a tradition of the Hudson River School men. We have, more recently, perhaps because we are beginning to outgrow our youthful complex and wish to shed its hold upon us, begun to laud all work in which we see a singleness of purpose unmodified either by envious competition or by self-conscious originality. We have taken to our hearts the mystic self-sufficiency of Ryder and the assimilative character of Davies. We treasure their work because they show themselves certain enough of their own convictions to view foreign traditions with an attitude of take it or leave it alone.

Strength of character and conviction of

inner power are so seldom found that we become increasingly eager to reach out into the provinces to embrace the work of men who created in an original manner largely because they did not have access to the temptations offered their more schooled brothers. We are today seeking in the by-ways and back-washes for those paintings which we varyingly characterize as American folk art or American primitives. We champion the originality of these itinerant limners or untutored painters because we honor anyone who says what he thinks—irrespective often of whether or not what he thinks is worth more than passing attention.

At present, we are inclined to overlook obvious faults, even meagre substance, when we find something that seems to be a genuine outgrowth of native forces. A painting such as Seymour's "Indians, Salmon Falls" is appreciated because of its naïve design, because of its directness and lack of superficial tricks. We admire the anonymous "Brown Family" because its very awkwardness marks it as genuine. We respond to the everyday vision of the Currier-and-Ives period because we feel it to be a natural expression of that era.

Today we treasure this so-called folk art, the product of isolated creative spirits who worked with no schooled preconceptions but with the honest desire to be coherent in paint, with the same motive that leads us to excitement over our present day regionalist painters. We recognize in this work an expression of what we instinctively envy—the unself-consciousness of those who do not share our national failing. Our elation over the folk art is more commendable than our rush of enthusiasm over the Middle Western and other regional artists in our midst because at least it cannot destroy the thing it wants. Our too ready praise of Grant Wood, John Stuart Curry and such men may defeat its own purpose and induce a willful rather than an inevitable national contribution.

We still need to fear the spit-on-the-hand Americans—the Popeyes of art who glory in bulging muscles and a fostered conviction that we can do anything in the world—the men in whom this conviction is not deep enough, however, to keep them from trying

to prove it forcefully at every opportunity.

Because we realize that, in the past, we have been betrayed into neglect of our own artists, we are inclined today to give final judgment on their contributions before they have fully had time to state what they have to say. We would make all spokesmen prophets-in-our-midst almost before their creation is more than a gleam in the eye. We wish to make up for the fact that heretofore America has had so little self-confidence that it was unready to state its convictions until someone else had given praise.

We recognize the feeling of uncertainty, born of our inferiority complex, which allowed Poe and Whitman to be acclaimed in Europe before they were given their full measure of praise in America. We are loth to recall that even an Inness, with his easy understandability, was not accepted until Benjamin Constant had spoken of him as a genius; even as McBride somewhat shamefacedly admits that the first person he knew to take the work of Eilshemius seriously was Marcel Duchamp, of "Nude Descending the Stairway" fame. We have leaned on outside judgment and, even today, the public reacts best to the phrase, "He is appreciated in Europe as well as in America."

Just as the tendency of our artists has been first to do what others have done, it is still our inclination to appreciate what others have recognized. Also, as it was only after a measure of self-confidence was gained by trying to rival the English, the Germans, and the French that our painters could turn to the expression of their own points of view, so we today are merely beginning to have enough confidence in our own judgment to dare estimate the essential contribution of our own artists.

We have been country cousins who took an ingenuous solution of plumbing problems for granted until we found German and French relatives using our bathroom fixtures as design motifs in interior decoration. Then we suddenly became bathtub conscious and our magazines and hearts swelled with pride over our modern contribution. Even today, we cannot be entirely certain that we have not been influenced in our recognition of our



THOMAS EAKINS: ADDIE

Lent by the Pennsylvania Museum of Art to the San Francisco Exhibition

negro spirituals, hillbilly songs, and jazz, our American tent circuses, burlesque shows, and comic strips by the envious comments from across the water. Remember, we gave the name of "Ash-Can School" to our first independent artists who turned to such sources for subject matter.

However, today, we are beginning to be more self-critical. We are beginning to evaluate our art upon a new basis—that of its expression of our own existence. Today, we look back at the work of Copley and we honor the straightforward spirit of his earlier portraits, of the type of "Mrs. Nathaniel Appleton," far more than the more facile accomplishment of his later English period. We recognize the essential quality of the colonial Copley when he seemed truly to create from the homespun fabric of the New World, and, while we admit that his brush was more accomplished during the later years of his work in London, we regard him then as a lesser English painter rather than as an outstanding American. He then becomes merely an American trying to do what the English did better. This accomplishment may be acknowledged with pride but it does not arouse the same response that we have toward the earlier work which we feel to be a product of our native spirit.

Until recently, we dismissed the anecdotalists of the mid-nineteenth century: first, as being merely popular painters, next as being just off-shoots of Munich and Dusseldorf, and last as dealing with subject matter in a way not favored by our European neighbors. Now we are inclined to look past technique at the subject itself. We see in such records as the "War News from Mexico," "Shooting for the Beef" and "The New Bonnet" a concern with American environment similar to our reawakened interest in what is incontestably our own—our mannerisms and our modes of living. We are glad to regard the popularity of such pictures by Woodville, Bingham, and Eastman Johnson as an indication that the artists of that period spoke directly to their contemporaries. We are inclined to emphasize the sincerity of desire for pictures of the native scene as the stimulus of the artist's output. We would much rather

ascribe the adoption of Munich and Dusseldorfian styles to the native eagerness for pictures of the immediate surroundings than to the low level of cultural standards held by most picture buyers of that time.

We have become suspicious of the facile naturalism which earlier intrigued America. We have become distrustful of dexterity in painting because it seems to be an external thing unrepresentative of our feelings. However, we must realize that the easy flow of Bellows in such work as the "Dempsey-Firpo Fight" or "Anne in White" is in tune with one side of our nature. Bellows will remain a typical American artist so long as we love the clear, full-throated voice of those among us who accomplish with ease whatever they set out to do. Bellows' rise to prominence was done in the meteoric way of success that endears to us our national idols—from Tibbett to Tunney, from Ford to Lindbergh. We will criticize Bellows and pick him to pieces even as we have all our heroes but he will still keep his place of honor because of his easy accomplishment.

We are now quick to deride sentimentality. But we are increasingly more willing to admit that, as a people, we have honest sentiment. We are suspicious of the sweetness of Sully but we acknowledge the genuine feeling of Doughty and the other men of the Hudson River School who loved American landscape enough to put into their literal and somewhat unimaginative canvasses a tangible spirit of enthusiasm that gives the painstaking work of the best an engaging charm. They painted the countryside because they loved it and we appreciate their true sentiment.

We respond to the sentiment of Eakins, who felt so deeply the human qualities of "Addie" that he could not indulge in surface flattery. He was certain of his human values. He touched the inner reality devoid of all surface prettiness which so often translates feeling into sentimentality. Often, even the sophisticated brilliance of Sargent appears to us, today, as sentimental in contrast to the genuine sentiment of Eakins. It is only in portraits such as that of "Mrs. Dyer" that Sargent lays aside his facile technique to give us a painting that strikes a



GEORGE W. BELLOWS: ANNE IN WHITE

Lent by the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, to the San Francisco Exhibition

deep chord of response. At other times, he seems to be playing with our sensibilities, our love of glamour and wealth.

Mary Cassatt, though claimed by the French almost as one of their own, is viewed with fresh interest today not because she was a distinguished Impressionist but because, throughout her expatriate days of working shoulder to shoulder with Degas and Manet, she retained characteristic American values. She has given us paintings of mothers and children that express our national attitude toward healthy childhood and sane motherhood. We are grateful for her expressions of sentiment from which all trace of sentimentality is absent.

It is encouraging to find on every hand this tendency to reevaluate American art in terms of our own attitudes. We have started to disregard outside opinion and to face the fact that, as a nation, we have our own set of values. We are becoming increasingly conscious of the fact that we have always been essentially realists at heart.

As realism has not been in vogue elsewhere for more than fifty years, it has been hard for us to admit our point of view—in the face of possible ridicule. But after trying to think as do the English, the Germans, and the French, we have come to the place where it seems more to the point to acknowledge our own ways of thinking.

The best current symbol of Americanism is the cartoon character of "Popeye the Sailor," the product of our national habits of thinking quite as much as it is the creation of the author, Segar. Popeye's words, "I yam what I yam and that's all what I yam," might well be taken as a symbol of the underlying American attitude. They express our self-sufficiency and our self-conscious defiance. They bespeak our pride and our uneasy realization that we may not be all we should like to be. Popeye has the dogged determination, the ingenuity, and the braggadocio of the American spirit. He envies the culture of others but scorns to use its superficial mannerisms. He has a homely philosophy which he can defend only by making his opponent "eat his words." He is extravagant in action, genuine in his emotions and scornful of anything that

he feels is false because it is outside his own experience.

Popeye is a slightly disturbing prototype of Americanism because he lacks all the acquired virtues which we as a people feel are ours through cultural striving. However, he is also a comforting figure in that he is genuine and utterly without pretense. He epitomizes the self-made diamond-in-the-rough, dear to American romanticists. In him we see ourselves in the raw.

Today, however, we are not frightened by such a characterization. We are willing to admit that "we are what we are and that's all that we are." When Forbes Watson, in his recent article, "An Age Without Elegance," calls attention to our lack of distinction in the manner we paint, we are inclined to admit the truth and add, "but that's the way we are. We are not a nation of elegance for all that a large proportion of our people are cosmopolitan in character and able to meet the sophisticates of the world eye to eye."

Whatever change may take place in the future, we must acknowledge that, so far, our real contributions have been made on the basis of realism. We have had the idealized realism of Stuart, the poetic realism of the Hudson River men, and the dramatic realism of Winslow Homer. We have had the literal realism of Eakins, and the lively realism of the Henri group of Independents. Even our borrowings of other traditions have been modified by an interest in fact. Just as the American Impressionists, Robinson, Twachtman, and Weir, were more concerned with the substance of subject matter than were most of the French Impressionists, we find also that the contemporary followers of Modernism have usually had more concern with actuality than their French masters.

Occasionally there have been men such as Thomas Cole, Ryder, Davies, and Carroll who sought more or less romantic escape in visionary worlds. The literary fantasy of Cole sprang from the midst of plodding literalists. The introspective Ryder came at a time of the extrovert Homer and the factual Eakins. The dream-capturing Davies was surrounded by the Independents of the Ash-Can School. And today the synthetic Carroll thumbs his

nose at the return-to-elementals painters of the American scene.

Violating the rule of realism that seems to have been the subconscious determinant in our art, these men seem to prove its authenticity by the very vigor of their reaction. The occurrence of so small a group of escapists, in the large group of straightforward factualists whose interest was in tangible things and feelings, merely emphasizes the fact that there is a common denominator to the American viewpoint—namely, realism.

It is not important that we have found a common denominator. But it is significant that, in searching for some tangible characteristic, we have found in our painting typical qualities of ingenuity, curiosity, sentiment, drama, and factualism that reflect the substance of America itself. Therefore, though we may admit that we have not yet built up an art tradition that can stand impartial comparison with those of older countries, we need not hesitate to be ourselves and say that our art is what it is—and that it expresses us.



JOHN STEUART CURRY: BAPTISM IN KANSAS

Lent by the Whitney Museum of American Art to the San Francisco Exhibition



HENRI MATISSE SKETCHING SWANS IN THE JARDIN DES PLANTES, PARIS

Photograph by Pierre Matisse. Courtesy Baltimore Museum of Art

SWANS BY MATISSE

By ADELYN D. BREESKIN

THOMAS CRAVEN, in his most misleading and prejudiced book called *Modern Art*, states that Henri Matisse is a mere pattern-maker. This is a completely fallacious statement, as can be most convincingly demonstrated by an examination of the drawings and etchings made by Matisse to illustrate the poems of Stephane Mallarmé. Color, the use of which is so native to this modern French artist, is here absent and there is an insistence on economy of means which shows a discipline of temperament and a dominating intelligence, resulting in works of exceptional power and significant substance. In these single line drawings and etchings the artist succeeds in forcing expression to the utmost.

The complete *maquette* for these illustrations is now a part of the Cone Collection in Baltimore and is, at the present time, retained as a loan in the Print Department of the

Baltimore Museum of Art. Included in the group are over sixty drawings, fifty-two etchings and twenty-nine canceled etching plates. Matisse comments on his work as follows: "It is pleasurable to watch a good poet transport the imagination of another kind of artist, enabling him to create his own equivalent to poetry. The plastic artist, to make the most of his gift, must be careful not to adhere too slavishly to the text. On the contrary, he must work freely, his own sensibility enriched through contact with the poet he is to illustrate. After concluding these illustrations of the poems of Mallarmé, I would like to simply state: 'This is the work I have done after having read Mallarmé with pleasure.'"

The simplicity of this statement is in accord with the directness of the style used in these illustrations. The finished etchings give the impression of great facility, as though

(Continued on page 628)



HENRI MATISSE: "LE CYGNE I"

Pencil Sketch from Nature
Courtesy Baltimore Museum of Art



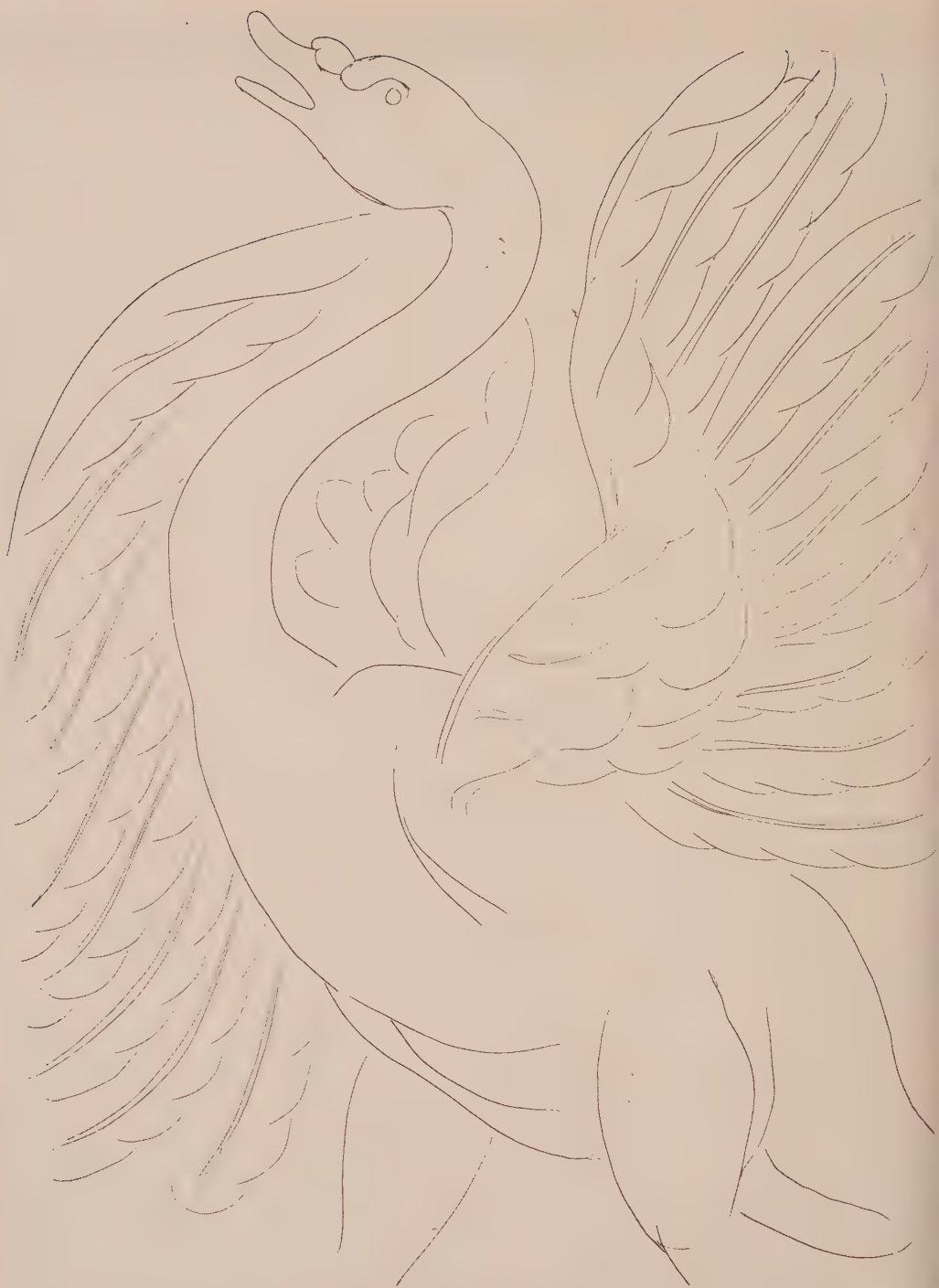
HENRI MATISSE: "LE CYGNE II"

Shaded Working Drawing Accentuating Form and Line
Courtesy Baltimore Museum of Art



HENRI MATISSE: DRAWING TRACED FROM "LE CYGNE II"

Without Shading and with Many Lines Eliminated
Courtesy Baltimore Museum of Art



HENRI MATISSE: UNPUBLISHED ETCHING

Most Like the Traced Drawing
Courtesy Baltimore Museum of Art



HENRI MATISSE: UNPUBLISHED ETCHING

A Second Arrangement of the Swan
Courtesy Baltimore Museum of Art

they had been done with ease and spontaneity. It is only upon examination of all of the preliminary studies for the finished works that we begin to grasp the subtlety of the steps that went into their creating. The first idea in each case is drawn from nature. A careful pencil sketch is made, with shading, to accentuate form. For some subjects as many as five or six studies were made, and in some cases they are quite in the academic manner. There are for instance, some reclining nudes, preliminary drawings for "Le Miroir" which are much like the life studies turned out in art schools by the "best" pupils.

Then, the next step in the evolution of these illustrations is the gradual elimination of the non-essential. In the case of "The Swans," after the first sketch, made while sitting in his boat, as we see him in the accompanying photograph, Matisse next made pencil sketches composing the diverse elements, such as the wings, long curving neck, and soft feathers, into various characteristic decorative arrangements expressive of his impression of the swan. This was modeled into plastic form, with the use of dynamic outline and shading, which is a part of the equipment of the artist. Then, the paper on which this drawing was made, was laid, face down, against a glass slab, so that it became translucent, with the lines showing through. With due thought, a more simplified drawing was then traced off, usually consisting of only a few confining lines. But the quality of the few final lines is such that it expresses all of the relations of volumes and masses of the more detailed drawings and has the added quality of summary strength. The art of eliminating is indeed a great art as Matisse practices it.

Having attained the utmost expression in a few single lines, his next success is in the transforming of the drawn line to the copper plate. Instead of losing any of its quality his etched line takes on added expression, since the very act of using the sharp point on metal seems to give him great pleasure, resulting in a dramatic intensification of expression which is wholly individual and a triumph of the etching medium.

In the accompanying illustrations of the etchings it may be possible to decipher some pencil notes in Matisse's handwriting. The published design is marked "Bon à tirer—pas plus fort." In other proofs he has written in like manner. "Pas plus faible, surtout pour le côté gauche," "Pas plus sec"; and in one scrolled line in "Les Bijoux" he marks off one section of the line, just about one inch long, mentioning that that part is a bit weak. This demonstrates with what care he supervises the printing of his etchings. He insists on a slow biting, which accentuates the delicacy of the lines and retains all of their dynamic strength and vigor.

For an outstanding colorist to be able to express so much without color, indeed, with the simplest kind of etching technique, is certainly an achievement. Matisse, in these illustrations, stands at the opposite pole from the mere pattern-maker, as one of the most intellectual and penetrating of modern print-makers, brilliant in invention, expressing the most with the least possible means, combining beautiful draftsmanship with intense concentration of substance. Taken altogether, this *maquette* therefore produces the effect of a vehement, dynamic accumulation of artistic expression, executed with sincere conviction and tremendous power.

OTHER ARTICLES ON GRAPHIC ARTS
BY ADELYN D. BRESKIN WILL
BE PUBLISHED IN EARLY ISSUES



HENRI MATISSE: PUBLISHED ETCHING, "LE CYGNE"

This Proof was Marked "Bon à tirer"

NEW BOOKS ON ART

The Progress of Archaeology

By Stanley Casson. New York, 1935: Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Co., Publishers. Price, \$2.00.

"THE study of the human past," as Mr. Casson describes archaeology, has never loomed so importantly on man's horizon as during the past twenty years. It is that period which provides the author with the material for this first attempt to survey and relate the work carried on in all parts of the world. The interested reader, whether layman or artist, will find in the book a fine frame of reference which will give added point to, and a means of checking, the archaeological tidbits picked up in everyday reading.

The book is totally free from pseudo-popular archaeological writing and consequently from far-fetched theorizing. The movements of peoples are suggested as far as they can honestly be suggested. The gaps in our knowledge are admitted, and all the difficulties presented to the field worker in determining the differences of various strata are explained as far as may be. The reader is never allowed to forget that archaeology is a science and that its finds are more safely regarded as evidence than loot.

Some people may be slightly disconcerted to discover that finds of no aesthetic value are tremendously important to the science of archaeology. If this discovery grieves them they may find solace in the thought that one important key discovery may lead to whole new series of finds which, aside from scientific value, will make spectacular pictures in illustrated English weeklies and American rotogravure sections. But even for those of us who want every artefact to be a thing of beauty the possible implications of these unlovely but important objects open up new areas and establish new principles which we can bring to bear upon more engaging works of art. Perhaps one should say they reinhabit and reillumine for us old areas and old principles.

Mr. Casson points out that "the progress of art is not comparable with the progress of

history"—this in view of the discovery of a youth's torso which at first sight might be mistaken for good Greek work of the fourth century B.C. in a context which almost certainly places it in the third millennium in India. Many a preconception and long accepted theory is severely tested by archaeology. But this testing procedure cannot harm any genuine interest in works of art as art, for it is only with a constantly increasing understanding of the wholeness of things, even at the risk of change, that art can properly and honestly be enjoyed.

The question of aesthetic quality certainly does enter in; the very fact that there are so many qualifying facts corroborating or challenging the purely aesthetic judgment only serves to sharpen the abilities in this direction. With eye and mind sharpened in this way the archaeologist may well lead us through a morass of changing values to a broader yet not thinner understanding of those objects in which art and beauty come together.

For such a book as this the illustrations, though small, are adequate. But more illustrations would have been welcome to the reader who, forgetting that forty-three is an unusually large number, seeks still further aid in the often difficult task of visualizing sites and artefacts. Yet whatever its defects to the professional archaeologist—and some, from the nature of things, *may* be present—for the less specialized reader it should prove a great help in bringing him into closer touch with his heritage in a past that is very far from dead.

F. A. WHITING, JR.

Centres de Style de la Sculpture Nègre Africaine

By Carl Kjerfve. Paris, 1935, Albert Morance, Publisher. (Translated into French by France Gleizal.)

FEW collectors of African art have attempted to present a differential synopsis of African sculptural styles. One must, of course, avoid the assumption that every collector of African art is capable of doing this.

(Continued on page 634)



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JOHN MARIN: THE MAN AND HIS WORK

(Continued from page 611)

why his etchings, water colors, and oils of this period contain in nucleus everything that Marin is or ever will be. In these early works you will find the same fluid and yet precise calligraphic notations, the same feeling for big forms cutting through space, and the matrix of what we have since come to regard as those typical Marinesque enclosures, those structural bands which hold the picture elements within a firm embrace. These are not capricious devices, stylistic cow-catchers superimposed upon the thing itself, but indigenous architectural components which grow out of the closest observation of nature's forces and what they do in themselves and to each other. Look at Marin's 1906 etching in tone, "Bridge Canal, Amsterdam," and the structurally exciting use he made of the canal coping which lunges from deep space into the picture foreground; or his painting "Street of the Cathedral, Meaux," done two years later, with its subtle play of small, agitated forms against larger, placid ones; or the "London Omnibus" water color of the same year with its witty handling of broken surfaces and forms of pure, vibrant colors enmeshed in cooler greys; or the water color of "The Seine, Paris" of the following year and the amazing control with which these limpid, stenographic washes are set down; or, in the same medium, the "Girl Sewing" of 1910, suggesting the whole pungent mood and flavor of a thing, a place, and a period, in a color language grown increasingly concrete without loss of modulation or liveness of touch. Look at these works in the light of what Marin has done since and I think you will agree that Marin has always been Marin, at all times, in all places.

Marin was as purely himself when he returned to New York in 1910 as when he left it more than four years before. He had acquired wisdom and knowledge and a heightened capacity for putting down what he saw, but no European painting mannerisms, no nostalgia for the things he had left behind, and no romantic illusions about the world

he was about to enter. When he went abroad in 1905 it was obviously because Europe had more to offer him than America. He was now pleasantly surprised to find that America had just as much to give him as Europe. The New York he returned to was very different from the city he once knew. The Woolworth Building was under construction; two new bridges had been swung across the East River; horse and cable cars were now almost entirely replaced by electric ones; overhead and underground more and speedier trains rattled and growled greater distances. Time seemed to be moving faster and more raucously. Even the tugboats in the river seemed more boisterous. The city was passing through a corporate convulsion, a frightening, a bewildering kind of high-tensioned life. It was like watching the first days of creation. Here was the raw stuff of life becoming something. Here were disorder and order, chaos and cosmos side by side. Marin watched this sideshow from a ringside seat. To bring these things to rest in his art, that was what concerned him. It wasn't a new Rome that he saw, the fleshpots of a nascent imperialism, but rivers, buildings, bridges, and anonymous people moving like ants among them.

The excitement of all this activity was infectious. It struck Marin like a tornado. And he put down in his art what he saw about him. More than he saw—for he brought these "warring, pushing, pulling, forces" to rest within the frame of his paper or canvas.

And then Marin discovered Maine, just as he had discovered Paris and New York, as he would one day discover the Palisades, the Berkshires, the White Mountains, New Mexico. It was indeed a discovery—for no one to my knowledge found what he found there, saw what he saw. For some twenty summers, and often far into the fall, Marin has returned to the Maine coast, not as a hunter to trap new prey, but as a native who knows each reef and boulder, each tree and island.

It is with the screech of the sea gull and the pounding of surf that he feels most at home. These are the elemental things on which his art has grown full and strong.

Was Marin satisfied with himself, with what he had done? Was he ready to bask in the vainglorious moonshine of his own image? Hardly. Here is his answer repeated time and again: "My work as I look at it, some early rotters. Some of it, of course, better than last year—yet not good enough."⁸ "I wish my things were stronger, more terse." "Fewer strokes, still fewer strokes. Fewer strokes must count. A full ring to each stroke." These are not the words of a self-satisfied artist. Nor has he ever been. If he were, he would, like so many others, have made a period of a picture. This he has never done because his range of feeling and doing is too broad to harden into a formula: and also—perhaps this is the most important reason—because for him each new picture must be the fruit of new sensuous perceivings, not old ones warmed over.

To play with forms for their own sweet sake apart from their origin in fresh experience has never appealed to him. He knows what it is to play ("To have a lasso at one's belt," he has said, "a long, long rope, so as to rope in humor when she takes her long flights"), but he is not a playboy. There must be joy in the doing, otherwise he simply doesn't do. And behind everything he does there is always purpose. Not a willful, I-am-I, declamatory subjectivity, but the desire to understand the will of nature's forms, to translate this understanding into formal terms without imposing his own will upon them. This is the way Marin has said it: "Somehow, well, you are not to forget that robins naturally hop about, they don't walk. Chickens walk, they don't hop. Those are little things, yet fundamental to the beast. So it is with boats, so it is with all things. And those old boys, those of real expression, no matter how expressed, didn't make their chickens to hop."⁹ These are the simple, bedrock observations Marin lives by and builds his art upon.

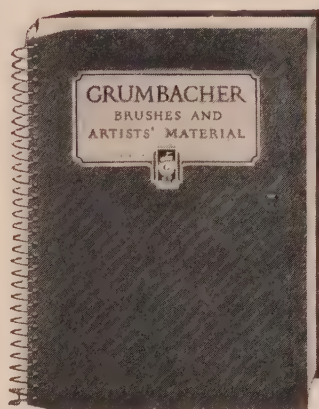
⁸ From a letter to Alfred Stieglitz, dated October 1, 1922, from Stonington, Maine.

⁹ From a letter to Alfred Stieglitz dated October, 1919, from Stonington, Maine.

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NEW BOOKS ON ART

(Continued from page 630)

Both collectors and trained students have undoubtedly been intimidated by the complexities and the mysteries that abound in the field of African art. Where it is often so difficult to bolster synthesis with precise information or indisputable documentary evidence neither the one nor the other exists in plentitude. The need for something in the nature of a manual of African sculpture has been felt for some while. It is difficult for the layman to distinguish origins and styles or to know a "fetische" from a portrait of a god, or of a king, if the information requisite for such discernment is not supplied him as free as possible of equivocation. It is clear that the collector Carl Kjersmeier has tried to fulfill the requirements.

Of course, in such a volume as this one the cut and dried method of the Art Manual seems the only practical one to use. One must expect no "full" discussion—no glowing synthesis of the fertile background and the phenomenal art that it has brought forth. Brevity and essence are the primary virtues of this book. The author's statement of purpose seems to harmonize with the current mode of appreciation of African art; but the actual text of the book goes deeper. He says in part: "In this work I propose to present the plastic art of those African Negro tribes among whom the artistic life either by its quality or its quantity has attained to such a development that a style has been created thereby."

He does not, perhaps cannot, divorce

aesthetic from ethnological factors that have important bearing in the sculptures. Each *résumé* is succinct and quite adequate for introductory purposes. The number of productive areas seems formidable; they are Bambara, Habbe, Malinke (French Soudan), Baga (Guinea), Kissi, Bobo, Mossi, Lobi, Senofo, Dan, Man, and Baoule, Alangona, Avikman, Agui, and Gouro (Ivory Coast).

It must be understood that this book only serves in a general way to distinguish those tribal styles found in French West Africa. It is an appreciative work and therefore does not take into account all the perplexing crisscrosses of African ethnological phenomena.

On the whole the illustrations for this book have been well-chosen. There are sixty-four full-page plates, providing typical examples for each important center. Bambara, Senofo, and Habbe are largely illustrated by examples from the author's own collection. Undoubtedly, the narrow range of selection has prevented a more representative assemblage of plates for illustration. Baoule, for example, might have been more beautifully, if not more typically, illustrated.

The most unusual feature of the entire volume, however, is the list of re-attributed sculptures, for the most part well-known examples which elsewhere have been assigned to other regions or tribes of Africa. This is a contribution to the important work of searching out the origins of African styles as far as possible—a work which has progressed all too slowly.

In addition to the above the book contains a page or so of notes, and a fair sized bibliography. In all probability it is the intention of Carl Kjersmeier to publish a second volume dealing with the plastic arts of other African tribes—possibly French Congo since the title of the book bears the legend first volume. There is, however, no other statement in the book that gives further promise of a second.

JAMES A. PORTER

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COMMENT AND CRITICISM

Lugubrious and Unpleasant

Sir:

My attention has been called to an article in the August issue of your magazine, in which the writer, Miss Philippa Whiting, an associate editor, criticizes the action of the Art Commission of the City of New York in rejecting the murals painted for the Riker's Island Penitentiary by Ben Shahn and Lou Block, two artists employed on a PWA project under the auspices of the College Art Association. These paintings, which were submitted in elaborate sketch form, depict and contrast prison life of the past with that of the present, and, in the opinion of the Art Commission, to say the least, are lugubrious and unpleasant to look upon.

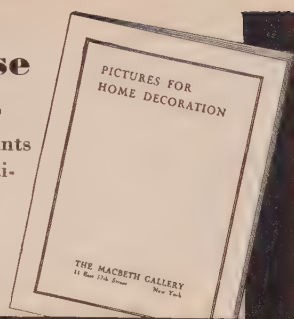
The article in your magazine, and a very similar one, upon which it is evidently based, in the July issue of *Art Front*, published by the Artists' Union, accuse the Art Commission of having "turned down the designs on the grounds of psychological unfitness," and your article adds: "their aesthetic merit was unquestioned." The article concludes: "The sketches for the Riker's Island murals are still in the artists' studios. They are, potentially, one of the most important mural achievements of a period which is using murals as never before in this country. They have proved themselves in every possible way, and they will be carried out on twentieth century New York walls when the New York City administration decides to accept the coöperation of its artists and its prisoners in building a finer social order."

In fairness to the Art Commission and to Commissioner McCormick I wish to point out that the designs were disapproved by the Art Commission for one reason—and for one reason only—because every member of the Art Commission who was present when the submission was acted upon believed that, artistically, and in other respects, most of them were unsatisfactory and unsuitable for the location for which they were intended and submitted—the main corridor leading to the chapel of the penitentiary, where they would

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be seen at frequent intervals, not only by the prisoners themselves, but by visitors to the penitentiary, a decision in which the Commissioner concurred.

It should also be recorded that the Art Commission expressed its willingness to consider the use of some of the sketches for less public portions of the penitentiary.

I. N. PHELPS STOKES,

President, Art Commission

of the City of New York.

REBUTTAL

Readers will welcome Mr. Stokes' frank explanation of the point of view of New York's Municipal Art Commission in regard to the Riker's Island murals. It is important in supplementing the data on the project given in the note in the August issue of this magazine—data which was based on the official report of the artists in question to the College Art Association, which administers New York State relief for artists. No doubt this report was available also to Mr. Stuart Davis who wrote the July article in *Art Front*.

The Art Commission, then, did not balk at the "psychological unfitness" of the murals, but turned them down for one reason and only one: because "artistically, and in other respects most of them were unsatisfactory and unsuitable for the location for which they were intended and submitted. . . ." If we consider this statement, "artistically," "in other respects," "most of them," and the matter of location, the Art Commission becomes involved at once in at least four reasons, but it is impossible to agree or disagree with the Commission as to the "other respects," because these are not defined. The same difficulty obtains with "most of them." We are left, therefore, with the fact that the sketches were rejected as artistically unsuited for the location intended.

To reject murals on these grounds is a perfectly proper exercise of the functions of the Municipal Art Commission, and their decision can be disagreed with but not objected to. However, there are one or two points in this case that are still not clear. If the reason for rejection was as stated above, why did it

occur to anyone to give a test to forty representative prisoners at Welfare Island, to determine their reaction to the murals? The Commission surely does not need to have its aesthetic judgments confirmed by forty Welfare Island prisoners. In this case they were not confirmed. The prisoners liked the murals. Perhaps the test was negative: if the prisoners were favorable, then the Municipal Art Commission felt that it had been right in declaring them artistically unsuitable. It seems that before the test was given, it should have been made quite clear what it was intended to prove.

The second question that naturally arises is the matter of location. Mr. Stokes thinks that it should be recorded that the Commission is willing to have some of the sketches used in "less public portions of the penitentiary." This is a very interesting suggestion. The Commission apparently feels that the murals are not just aesthetically unsuitable, but are suitable to be seen by a smaller number of people. It is not explained whether this smaller number is to comprise prisoners, or visitors, or a limited number of the two together. The possibilities of this method of appraising works of art are exciting, if somewhat complicated. We may see the days when paintings will be classified according to their numerical appeal, and artists will submit a choice of sketches, suitable to be seen by twenty, fifty, and a hundred people respectively.

It is obvious that a mural which is suitable for a hospital may not be suitable for an indoor skating rink—that audiences differ in kind. But in this case, they would differ in number, or in frequency. It would be interesting to know how a mural which is bad when seen by five people can be good when seen by one—unless the one is a different kind of person from the five.

PHILIPPA WHITING

New York Exhibitions—October

(Listed through the coöperation of the
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A.C.A. Gallery, 52 W. 8th St. Paintings by Lena Gurr, to Oct. 12; Paintings by Robert Wiseman, Oct. 14 to Oct. 26.



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American Museum of Natural History, 77th St. and Central Pk. W. Work of Summer Play Schools, Education Hall, to Oct. 20.

An American Place, 509 Madison Ave. Watercolors by John Marin, Oct. 15 to Dec. 1.

Arden Gallery, 460 Park Ave. Sculpture in Interiors, Oct. 16 to Nov. 10.

Argent Gallery, 42 W. 57th St. Work by members of Nat'l Ass'n of Women Painters and Sculptors, to Oct. 19; Paintings by Celine Baekeland; Watercolors and black and whites by R. Rose Kappel, work by new members of the Nat'l Ass'n of Women Painters and Sculptors, Oct. 21 to Nov. 2.

Art Students League, 215 W. 57th St. Work by instructors, to Oct. 12.

Avery Library, Columbia Univ., 118th St. Architectural books of the Renaissance and Baroque Periods in Northern Europe, to Oct. 28.

Braxton (Henry) 353 E. 58th St. Modern Reproductions in Modern Frames.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Pkwy. Spanish Paintings, Oct. 5 to 31; Galleries of Prehistoric and Primitive Art open Oct. 5.

Camera Club, 121 W. 68th St. Work by W. Avery Slack.

(Continued on page 640)

ANNOUNCING

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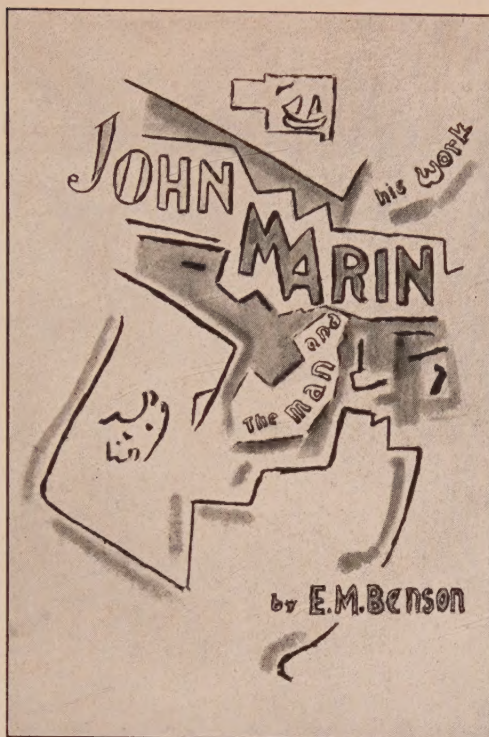
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New York Exhibitions—October

(Continued from page 637)

- Cane (Florence) School of Art*, 1270 Sixth Ave. Lithographs, photo-lithographs, and cromo-lithographs by Emilio Amero, Oct. 15 to Nov. 2.
- Contemporary Arts*, 41 W. 54th St. Memorial exhibition, Burton Emmett collection of paintings and drawings, to Oct. 12; Contemporary Arts Painters' Group, Oct. 14 to 26; Paintings by Paul Kelpé, Oct. 28 to Nov. 16.
- Durand-Ruel*, 12 E. 57th St. Twelve paintings from the collection of Paul Rosenberg, under auspices of College Art Assoc., Oct. 7 to 26.
- Eighth Street Playhouse*, 52 W. 8th St. Watercolors by Anne Eisner, to Oct. 12; Watercolors by E. C. Cozzens, Oct. 14 to 26; Lithographs by Hugh Miller, Oct. 28 to Nov. 9.
- F.A.R. Gallery*, 21 E. 61st St. Reproductions of 20 early drawings by Degas (1861-96).
- Gatterdam, Pascal*, 925 Seventh Ave. Marine Paintings by F. J. Waugh, Lar Thorsen and Jay Conaway, to Oct. 19.
- Grand Central Art Galleries*, 15 Vanderbilt Ave. Paintings by 24 Americans, represented in College Art Assoc. Index of 20th Century Artists, Oct. 7 to 19; Tiffany Foundation, Oct. 15 to 26; Watercolors and graphics by Saul Raskin, Oct. 15 to 30.
- Arthur H. Harlow & Co.*, 620 Fifth Ave. Legal and medical portraits.
- Kohn, Theodore A. & Son*, 608 Fifth Ave. Paintings by Jeffrey King Levy; Paintings and black and whites by Paul Busch, to Oct. 11.
- La Salle Gallery*, 3105 B'way. Paintings by Thomas Nagai, to Oct. 26; Watercolors Oct. 28 to Nov. 16.
- Levy (Julien) Gallery*, 602 Madison Ave. Photographs by Brett Weston, to Oct. 15; Paintings by Juan Gris; Drawings and etchings by Vertes, Oct. 15 to 29.
- Mayer (Guy E.) Gallery*, 578 Madison Ave. Etchings and drypoints by Edmund Blampied; Group of antique Chinese snuff bottles, Oct. 7 to 26.
- Metropolitan Museum of Art*, Fifth Ave. & 82nd St. Prints by William Hogarth (Gal. K 37-40), to Oct. 13; Egyptian acquisitions, 1933-4.
- Midtown Galleries*, 605 Madison Ave. Paintings by members of the Midtown group.
- Milch Galleries*, 108 W. 57th St. Paintings by Childe Hassam, to Oct. 21.
- Morton Galleries*, 130 W. 57th St. Watercolor exhibition, to Oct. 12; Paintings of the South by Bertha Herbert Potter, Oct. 14 to 26; Watercolors by Edith H. Heron, Oct. 28 to Nov. 9.
- Museum of Modern Art*, 11 W. 53rd St. Work by Fernand Leger, by California architects, bookbindings by Wiemele, Oct. 2 to 24; Models and photographs of recent work by Le Corbusier, Oct. 24 to 31.
- National Arts Club*, 119 E. 19th St. Thirtieth Annual Exhibition of the Books-of-the-Year, Oct. 17 to Nov. 6.
- N. Y. Historical Society*, 170 Central Pk. W. Photographs of Shakespearean actors and actresses of the New York stage (Harold Seton Collection).
- N. Y. Public Library*, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Modern color prints and recent additions to Print Collection, to Nov. 30.
- Pen and Brush Club*, 16 E. 10th St. Paintings by Hildegard Hamilton, Oct. 18 to 31.
- Portrait Painters Gallery*, 642 Fifth Ave. Portraits by Wayman Adams, Louis Betts, Sidney Dickinson, Ernest Ipsen, F. Luis Mora, Leopold Seyffert, Jere Wickwire, Arthur Woelfle.
- Pynson Printers*, 239 W. 43rd St. Artist's Portraits, to Nov. 30.
- Roeper Museum International Art Center*, 310 Riverside Dr. The Docks, Bridges and Waterways of New York, Oct. 7 to Nov. 3.
- Squibb Gallery*, 745 Fifth Ave. Scandinavian-American artists, to Oct. 12; Italian Masters' Paintings of the Middle Ages, Oct. 14 to Nov. 15.
- Staten Island Institute of Arts and Sciences*, St. George. Paintings by Old Masters (Thomas Weitemeyer collection), to Oct. 3.
- Sterner Gallery*, 9 E. 57th St. Paintings by Zerbe, to Oct. 12; Paintings and Watercolors by Boston group, Oct. 14 to 26.
- Uptown Gallery*, 249 West End Ave. Paintings by Uptown Gallery group, Oct. 8 to Nov. 5.
- Young (Howard) Galleries*, 677 Fifth Ave. English Paintings of the 18th Century.

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in seeing a noble building, which rhymes well,
as we do in hearing a perfect song,
that it is spiritually organic.

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